



and STARR FLAGG-

UNDERCOVER GIRL

No.5

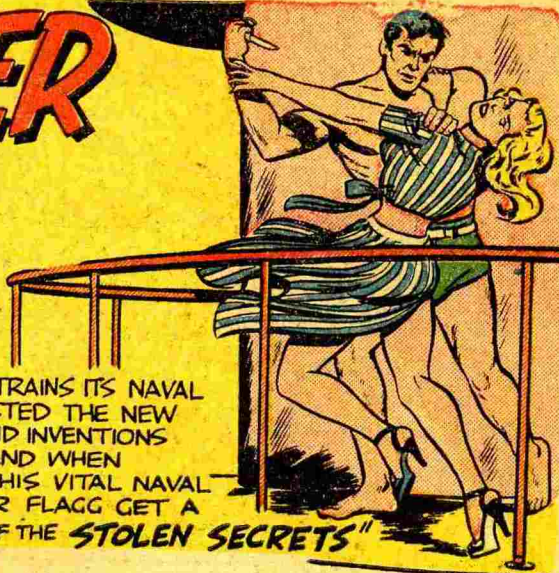
UNDERCOVER GIRL





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

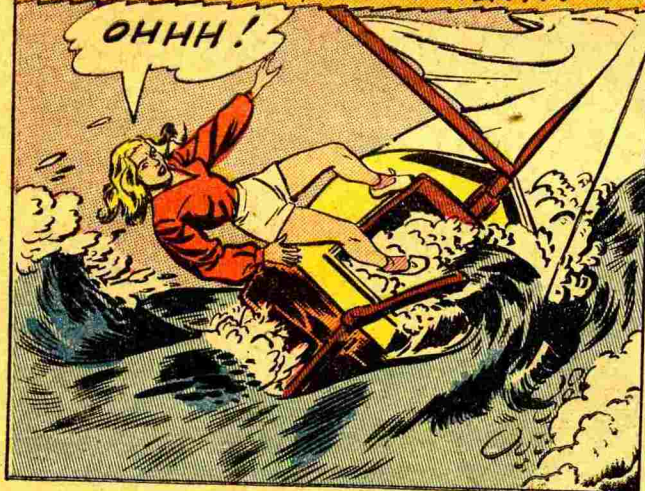
UNDERCOVER GIRL



OFF THE BARREN ATLANTIC COASTLINE, AMERICA TRAINS ITS NAVAL OFFICERS OF THE FUTURE. HERE, TOO, ARE TESTED THE NEW TECHNIQUES OF WATER WARFARE, THE GUNS AND INVENTIONS PRODUCED BY THE NATION OF LIBERTY... AND WHEN FOREIGN AGENTS FIND A WAY TO SPY ON THIS VITAL NAVAL ACTIVITY, CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AND STARR FLAGG GET A HURRY CALL TO SOLVE --

"THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN SECRETS"

A GALE-TOSSED OCEAN WAVE LIFTS A TINY SAILING BOAT HIGH, TIPS IT OVER...



THIS IS AWFUL -- MILES FROM SHORE --- IN THE MIDDLE OF A STORM!



SURE AS I'M BLACK DAN, THAT'S A SINKIN' SHIP OFF THERE TO STARBOARD --!

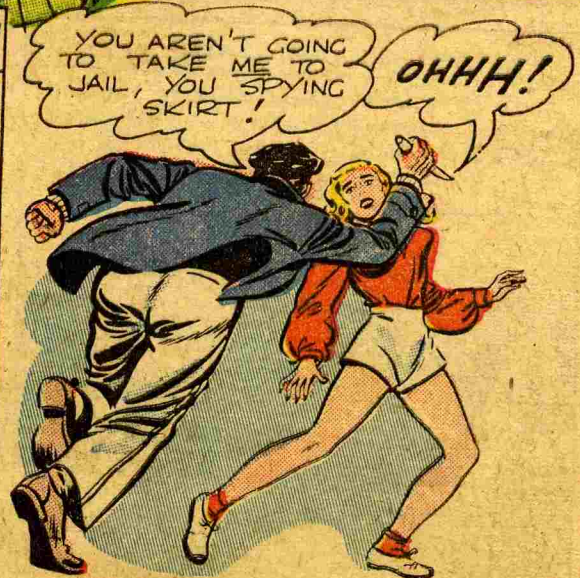
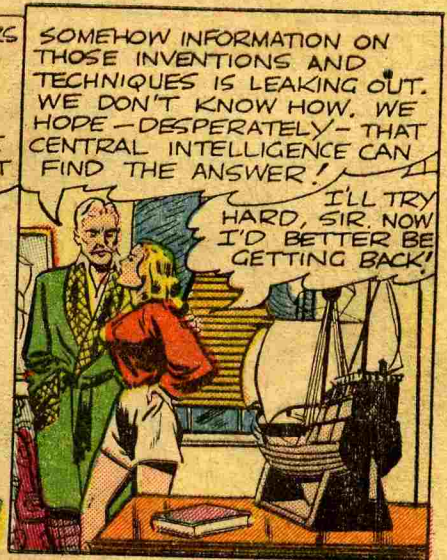


--AND A GIRL!

OOOOH, I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE ANYONE!







WITH A JU-JITSU MOVE,
UNDERCOVER GIRL HEAVES
THE BIG MAN OVER HER
SHOULDER!

YOU ASKED
FOR--

THIS! WHA--?



WHEW!
THAT WAS
PRETTY FAST
WORK, SISTER!

NEVER MIND
THE COMPLIMENTS
TOUGH BOY!
WHAT ARE
YOU AFRAID
OF?



YOU'VE BLABBED ABOUT YOUR
BROTHERS. YOU THINK THE
NAVY'S AFTER YOU FOR THE
LEAK ABOUT THEIR LATEST
FIGHTING DISCOVERIES!

SURE I DO! BECAUSE
I AM GIVING AWAY
THEIR SECRETS--AND
I DON'T KNOW HOW
I'M DOING IT!



NEXT DAY--

EVERY TIME I GO OUT TO
LIGHTHOUSE POINT, THE NAVY
PAYS ME A CALL. WHAMMO! THE
SPIES HAVE DISCOVERED ANOTHER
SECRET! IT HAPPENS TOO OFTEN
TO BE JUST A COINCIDENCE!



NEXT TIME I GO OUT
THERE, YOU COME WITH
ME. MAYBE YOU CAN FIND
OUT HOW THE INFORMATION
IS RELAYED TO SPIES
WATCHING OFFSHORE IN
BOATS!

I
WILL!



TWO AFTERNOONS LATER...

I TAKE THE WEEK'S
SUPPLY TO THE LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPER. YOU SUPPOSE
HE'S IN ON IT?

I DON'T
THINK SO.
WE'VE HAD
HIM CHECKED.
HE SEEMS
OKAY!



THE KEEPER HAS
COMPANY. I'LL TIE UP,
LEAVE THE THINGS, THEN
TAKE A SWIM. ROWING
MADE ME WARM!

I'LL HELP
YOU!





YOU GO FIRST. I'LL FOLLOW!

HERE GOES--



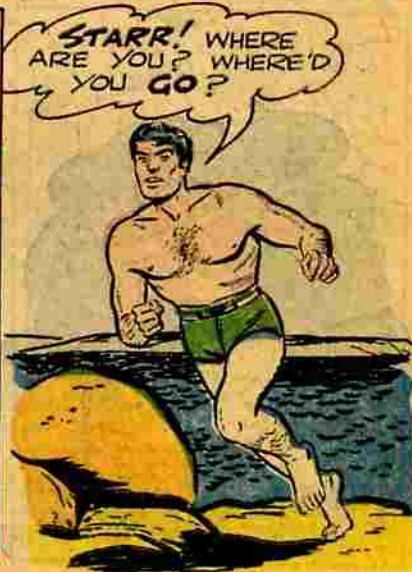
WHY-- MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS! NOW I KNOW HOW THOSE SPIES GET THEIR INFORMATION FROM DAN-- AND WHY HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE DOES THAT TIPS THEM OFF!

ABRUPTLY A HAND LOCKS UNDERCOVER GIRL'S LIPS AS AN ARM SWEEPS HER BACK, HELPLESS!



MMMPPHHH--!

HELPLESS IN THE POWERFUL HANDS THAT GRIP HER, UNDERCOVER GIRL IS CARRIED SWIFTLY UP INTO THE TALL LIGHTHOUSE...



STARR! WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE'D YOU GO?



MAYBE SHE THINKS I AM GUILTY-- SHE'S RUNNING TO SIGNAL SOME NAVAL OFFICERS-- GOT TO STOP HER!



NO-NO!

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, LADY! YOU'RE SMART-- BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH TO GET AWAY FROM MY TWO HANDS. SOMEONE'S COMING!

HIS PANIC GAVE ME
A CHANCE TO
BREAK AWAY BUT--
DAN!

**THERE YOU ARE,
YOU LITTLE SPY!
NOW I'LL MAKE
SURE YOU DON'T
BLAB ABOUT ME!**



A QUICK TWIST OF THE KNIFE
A PUSH--AND YOU'RE IN THE
SEA! THE WAVES'LL BATTER
YOU INTO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE
PULP DOWN THERE--NOBODY'LL
EVER KNOW--

PAN!



THIS IS THE
SECOND TIME
YOU'VE ASKED
FOR THIS!

OH!!!

GOT YOUR NERVE BACK,
HEY, MR. SPY! AND A
GUN! WELL, I'M TIRED
OF BEING MANHANDLED!



IT'S TALLOW! THE MAN WHO
HELPED MY MOTHER WITH
THE LAUNDRY--!

EXACTLY! AND THAT'S HOW
HE USED YOU AS A DUPE
TO SEND HIS INFORMATION!
NOW--GIVE ME A HAND
WITH HIM, DAN!



LATER---

TALLOW DID THE SEWING FOR DAN'S
MOTHER. HE SEWED PATCHES ON DAN'S
SHIRTS--IN CODE--AND WHEN I SAW
ONE OF THOSE SHIRTS, I KNEW HOW
HE DID IT. BECAUSE ON THE INSIDE OF
THE SHIRT THERE WERE NO TEARS TO
WARRANT ANY PATCHES! THEY WERE
FAKES!



ENEMY AGENTS CAME CLOSE TO SHORE
WITH POWERFUL FIELD GLASSES,
SAW THE PATCHES, DECODED THEM--
AND HAD ALL THEIR INFORMATION.
WE'LL LAY ONE MORE TRAP--
WITH DAN'S HELP--THEN CATCH
THEM ALL!



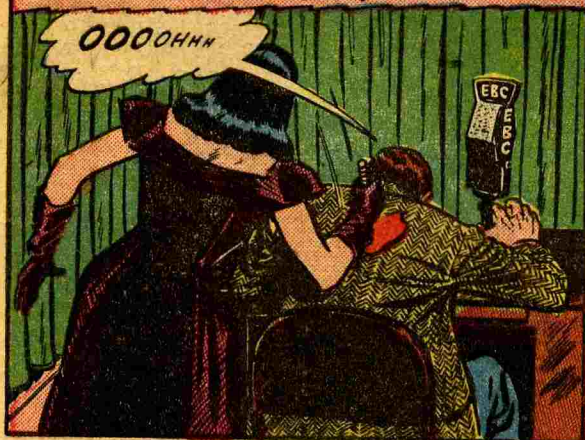
UNDERCOVER GIRL



AS NEWSCASTER FLOYD ARMITAGE SITS DOWN TO MAKE THE GREATEST FIFTEEN-MINUTE TALK OF HIS CAREER, A DAGGER PLUNGES OUT OF MID-AIR--AND THE SCOOP THAT WOULD HAVE MADE HISTORY MAKES THE WASTEBASKET... CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE WANTED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT SCOOP--WHO KILLED ARMITAGE AND WHY?--SO UNDERCOVER GIRL WAS ASSIGNED TO SOLVE--

THE RIDDLE OF THE RADIO-DEATH "

---TWO SECONDS-- ONE SECOND -- ON THE AIR! THE RED LIGHT GOES ON AND FLOYD ARMITAGE PLUNGES FORWARD, DEAD AS HE HITS THE TABLE!



SOMETHING WRONG IN ARMITAGE'S SPECIAL BOOTH! HE MOANED-- THEN NO SOUND AT ALL!

I'LL PLUG IN THE STAND-BY BAND. YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED!



-GULP- HE-HE'S BEEN -- **MURDERED!**



A HURRY CALL IS RUSHED THROUGH. THE NETWORK GUARDS AND THE POLICE COOPERATE TO CLOSE ALL DOORS --

SORRY MISTER. MAN'S BEEN KILLED UPSTAIRS. CAN'T LET ANYONE LEAVE THE BUILDING!



HALF A MILE CROSSTOWN ...

NEVER SAW IT
FAIL. BUBBLE BATH
ALL READY AND THE
PHONE GOES OFF!



YES, DICK---FLOYD
ARMITAGE? A SCOOP?
CONCERNING THAT FOREIGN
COUNTRY, EHP? ALL RIGHT.
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER--!



ARMITAGE SPENT MONTHS IN THE
KREMLIN. HE KNOWS EASTERN
EUROPE AS I KNOW MY CLOTHES
CLOSET. IF HE HAD A BROADCAST
AND WAS KILLED -- SOMETHING
BIG IS BREWING!



A QUICK TAXI RIDE LATER--

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE WANTS QUICK
WORK STARR. ARMITAGE WAS COMING
OUT WITH A SCOOP. WASHINGTON
MUST KNOW THE STORY. AND--FIND
OUT WHO KILLED HIM!



WHERE'S THE
MURDER WEAPON,
OFFICER?

THAT'S
THE
FUNNY
THING, MISS.
NOBODY FOUND THE
KNIFE. IT WAS A THIN
ONE, LIKE A STILETTO,
JUDGING FROM THE
SHAPE OF THE WOUND!

OH--AN ERASER! NOW
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS
AN ERASER DOING HERE?
AND THERE'S A SLIT IN
IT. QUEER! IS IT A
CLUE OR ISN'T IT?



SOME HOURS LATER, A WEARY POLICE
INSPECTOR FACES A BAFFLED UNDER-
COVER GIRL ...

WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYBODY AND
EVERYTHING, MISS FLAGG. AND
NOTHING LIKE THE MURDER WEAPON
HAS SHOWN UP!

HOW COULD A
PERSON HIDE SOMETHING
LIKE A DAGGER? IF YOU'LL
KEEP LOOKING, INSPECTOR--
I'M TRYING A STUNT ON MY
OWN!





WHILE I'M HERE, I'M GOING TO FOLLOW UP MY HUNCH. ARMITAGE WAS TOO SMART AN OPERATOR TO BE CAUGHT FLATFOOTED. HE MUST'VE LEFT A RECORD OF THE NEWSCAST THAT HE DIDN'T MAKE!



AND THIS COUNTRY THAT PROTESTS ITS PEACE INTENTIONS WILL MAKE AN ARMED ENTRY INTO A NEARBY OIL COUNTRY! WITH GUN AND SWORD IT WILL TAKE OVER OIL WELLS -- TO KEEP ITS WAR MACHINE GOING!



SO THAT'S THE ANGLE!

LATER -

I HURRIED OVER. I'VE AN IDEA, DICK. HERE IS THE TRANSCRIPTION OF FLOYD ARMITAGE'S NEWSCAST! HE MADE IT AS A PROTECTIVE GESTURE - IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENED.

GO ON!



SEND OUT A NEWS BULLETIN. SAY THAT FLOYD ARMITAGE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE HIS NEWSCAST ON TRANSCRIPTION. THAT YOU ARE GOING TO RELEASE IT TOMORROW OVER HIS REGULAR HOUR!



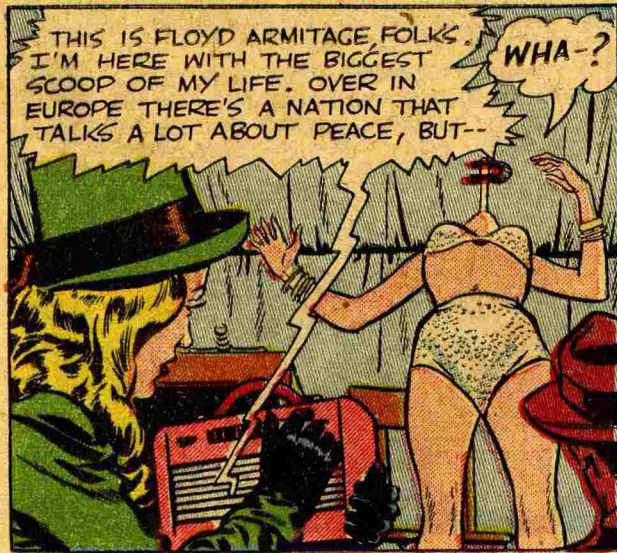
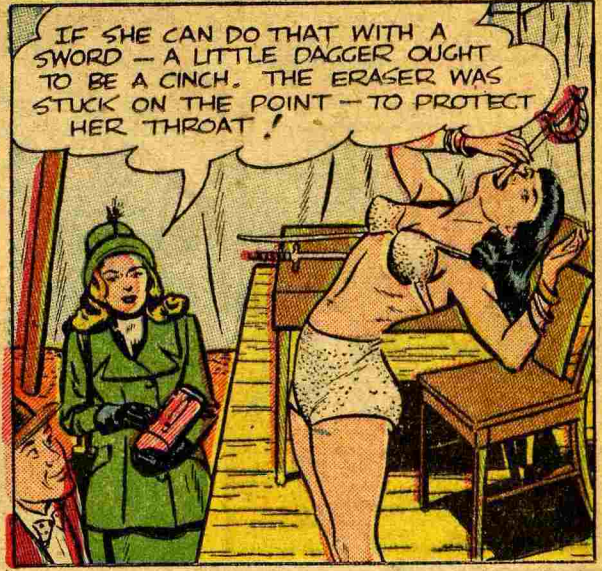
I'M PAYING A VISIT TO THE LOCAL CARNIVAL AT HOBBS POINT. I'LL HAVE A PORTABLE RADIO WITH ME. I'M HOPING TO -- KEEP A DATE WITH A GIRL THERE!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

SHE HAS TO BE HERE IF MY SOLUTION OF ARMITAGE'S MURDER IS THE RIGHT ONE. ONE KIND OF PERSON COULD HAVE HIDDEN THAT DAGGER --- CLEVERLY!

OH-OH! THERE - RIGHT UP AHEAD! THAT'S THE ACT I WANT TO SEE!







Opdyke Whitney



YOU FOOL! WE'LL BOTH BE THROWN CLEAR—TO OUR **DEATHS!**

THEN GIVE UP --BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BRING YOU IN--



-- DEAD -- OR ALIVE!

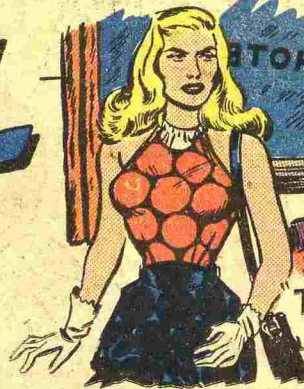
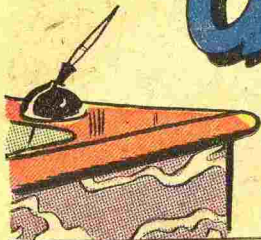


AT THE LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT STATION...



UNDERCOVER GIRL APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **MANHUNT** DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE! **OUT SOON**

UNDERCOVER GIRL



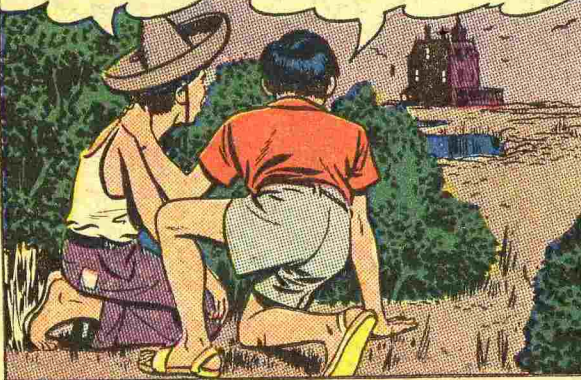
THIS IS THE HOUSE
THAT STOOD ON THE MOOR
THAT FRIGHTENED THE PEOPLE
WHO LIVED NEAR THE MAN —

WHO WANTED STARR FLAGG
TO GO TO HER DOOM IN
THE HOUSE THAT HATE BUILT!

THE HOUSE STOOD BY A MOOR NOT FAR FROM
A SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN TOWN

PEOPLE GO IN —
BUT THEY NEVER
COME OUT!

MY PAPA HE SAY -- JUAN,
DOAN GO NEAR THERE!
BAD THINGS HAPPEN!



YOU SEE?
THAT EES
PEDRO --
THE NEWSPAPER-
MAN!

THE SEÑOR
SAYS YOU
COME
VISEET
HIM!

NO!
NO!

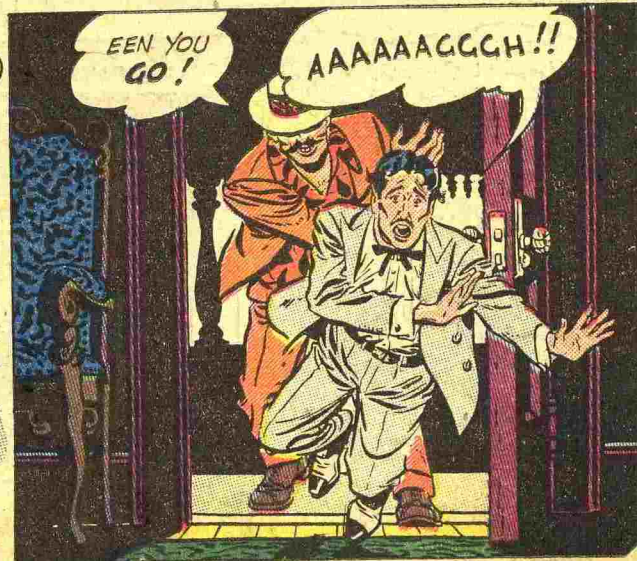


NOT THE HOUSE -- DON'T PUT
ME IN THERE! I'LL DO ANYTHING --
ONLY DON'T MAKE ME GO --
IN THAT HOUSE!



EEN YOU
GO!

AAAAAACGGH!!



MEANWHILE, IN A LITTLE RESTAURANT IN TOWN

I DON'T CARE IF HEADQUARTERS SENT YOU HERE, STARR. YOU DO GOOD WORK—BUT THIS JOB IS A LITTLE TOO TOUGH!

DON'T BE SILLY. I TACKLE ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING, JIM. WHAT'S THE SET-UP?



IT'S A HOUSE. THE PEOPLE ARE FRIGHTENED BY IT. VICTIMS ARE TAKEN AND FED TO IT! THEY'RE NEVER SEEN AGAIN. WE THINK IT HIDES MILITARY SECRETS!



THE PEOPLE ARE TOO SCARED TO TALK. YOU'LL HAVE TO DO GUMSHOE WORK ON IT!

LUCKY I BROUGHT A HIKING SUIT ALONG. I'LL BEGIN IN THE MORNING!



I MUST GET IN SEÑORA FLAGG'S ROOM—AHEAD OF HER! THAT WAY I WILL SURPRISE HER ---WHEN SHE ENTERS!



OOOH, I'M TIRED. A HOT SHOWER, THEN TO SLEEP MYSELF INTO CONDITION FOR TOMORROW'S HIKE!



DOWN ON THE STREET ...



UGGCH!

THE SEÑOR WISHES TO SEE you—AT HEES HOUSE!





WHA—?

I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST!



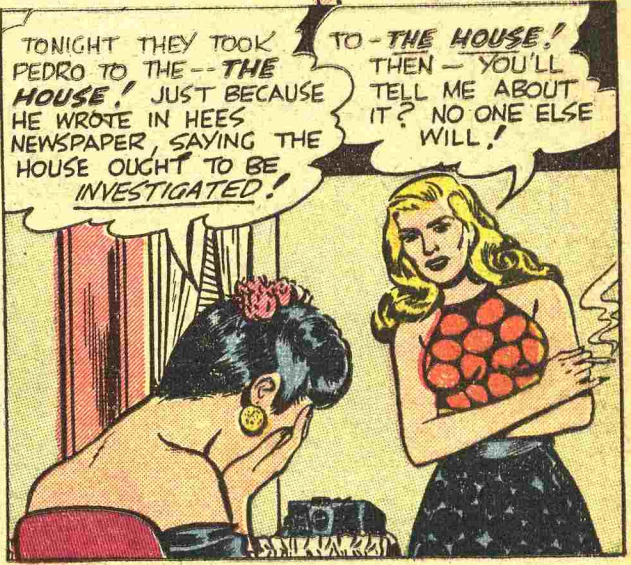
BUT FINDINGS KN'T KEEPINGS—!

EEEE!



I'LL TAKE THE KNIFE. THEN YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

OH—! YOU THOUGHT I MEANT TO—HARM YOU? NO, NO! I CAME TO ASK YOUR HELP!



TONIGHT THEY TOOK PEDRO TO THE—THE HOUSE! JUST BECAUSE HE WROTE IN HEES NEWSPAPER, SAYING THE HOUSE OUGHT TO BE INVESTIGATED!

TO—THE HOUSE! THEN—YOU'LL TELL ME ABOUT IT? NO ONE ELSE WILL!



AN HOUR LATER, AS THE PALE MOON FLOODS THE MOORS WITH GHOSTLY RADIANCE

EET WAS DESERT! UNTIL MEN WEETH BEEG MACHINERY CAME!

WE'LL GO CLOSER!



THE DOORS OPEN! LET'S GO IN ---

I—I'M AFRAID!



AIEEEE!

OH—!



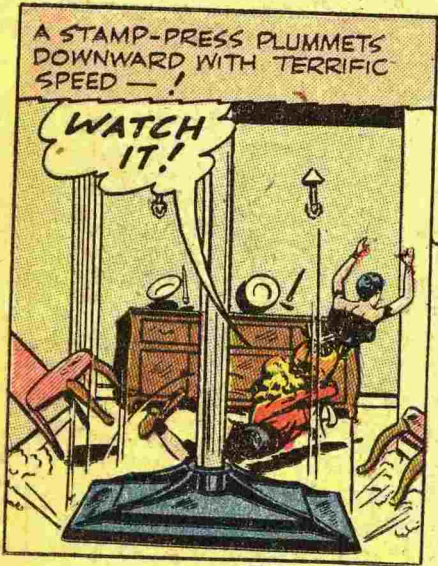
LUCKY THING I CATCH ON QUICKLY!

HERE, LET ME HELP YOU!



OUR WATCHWORD SEEMS TO BE--- PROCEED WITH CAUTION!

I AM SHAKE 'SC MUCH, MY HAND SHE WILL NOT BE STILL!



A STAMP-PRESS PLUMMETS DOWNWARD WITH TERRIFIC SPEED --!

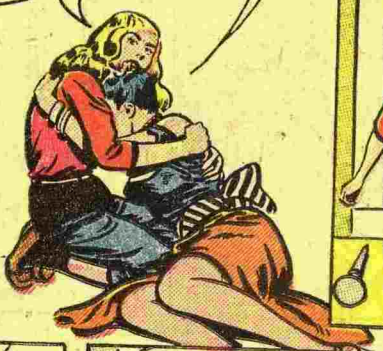
WATCH IT!

THIS HOUSE CERTAINLY DOESN'T LIKE INTRUDERS! WHEW, I THOUGHT WE WERE BOTH GONERS, RIGHT THEN!

--SOB-- I--AM SO SCAIRED!

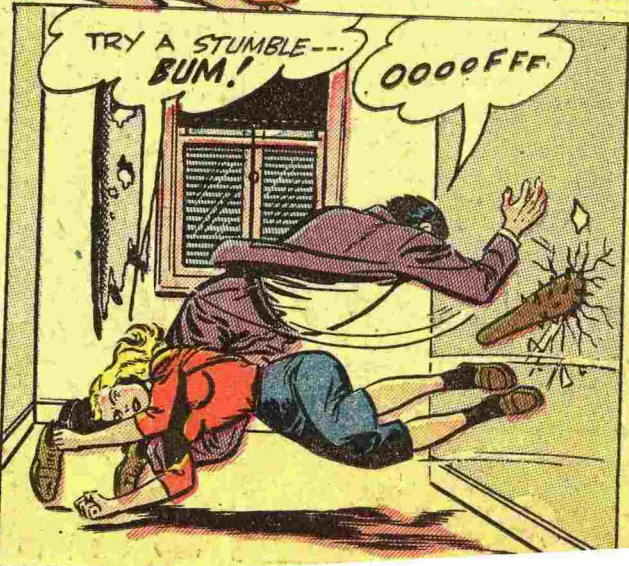
CHIN UP HONEY! REMEMBER THE HOUSE HAS PEDRO, AND YOU WANT TO HELP HIM!

YES--I WEEEL TRY TO REMEMBER THAT--



AND HERE COMES OUR FIRST BIG CHANCE!

OHHH!



TRY A STUMBLE--- BUM!

OOOOFFF



RACK ONE UP FOR THE GIRLS' TEAM!

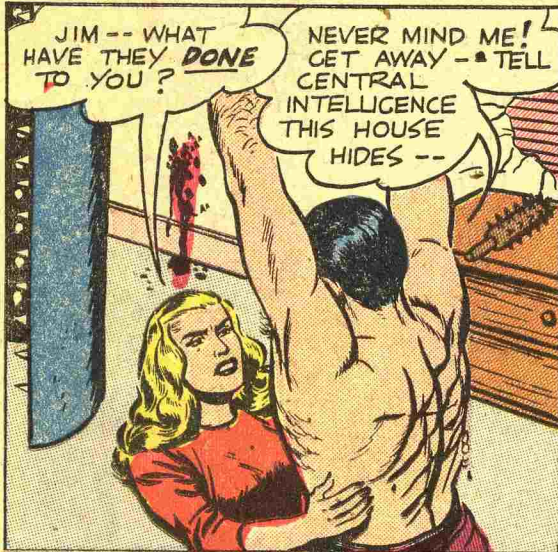
GNYYYYAA!



A FEW FEET FURTHER ...

JIM!

PEDRO!



JIM -- WHAT HAVE THEY **DONE** TO YOU?

NEVER MIND ME! GET AWAY -- TELL CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE THIS HOUSE HIDES --



TOO LATE! THIS HOUSE HIDES THOSE WHO COME TO VISIT IT! ONCE IN A WHILE, I LET THE PEOPLE FIND A TORTURED MANGLED BODY -- KNOWING IT IS THE MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO SEAL THEIR LIPS!

THE **SEÑOR!**



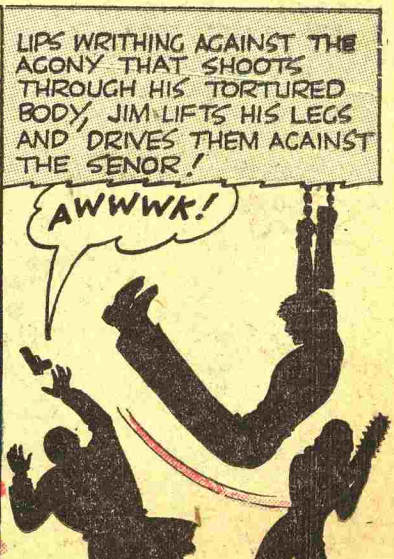
I WILL TROUBLE YOU TO BECOME MY PRISONER. YOU TOO, SHALL BE TREATED AS ROYALTY. **TORTURED ROYALTY!**

HE HAS THE DROP ON ME! CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO SAVE JIM AND THE OTHERS!



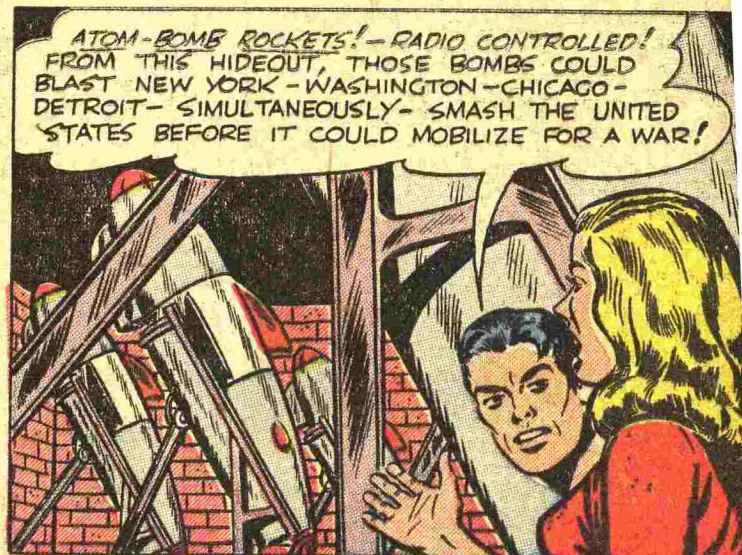
EXCEPT **THIS--!**

WHY YOU LITTLE IDIOT-- THOSE **SPIKES!**

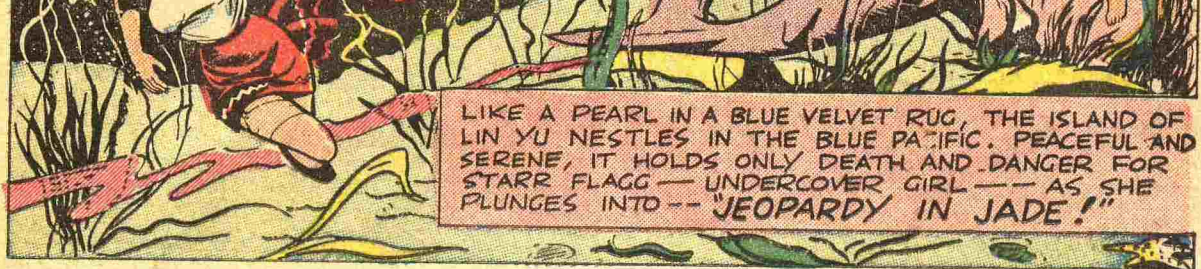


LIPS WRITHING AGAINST THE AGONY THAT SHOOTS THROUGH HIS TORTURED BODY, JIM LIFTS HIS LEGS AND DRIVES THEM AGAINST THE SEÑOR!

AWWWK!



UNDERCOVER GIRL



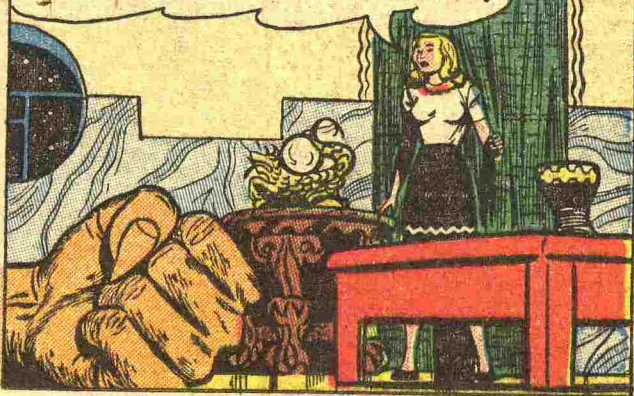
LIKE A PEARL IN A BLUE VELVET RUG, THE ISLAND OF LIN YU NESTLES IN THE BLUE PACIFIC. PEACEFUL AND SERENE, IT HOLDS ONLY DEATH AND DANGER FOR STARR FLAGG — UNDERCOVER GIRL — AS SHE PLUNGES INTO — "JEOPARDY IN JADE!"

THE SOUTH SEAS MOON RIDES HIGH ABOVE THE BAMBOO TREES AS STARR FLAGG THREADS A PATH TOWARD A LONELY MANSION...

OLD MING LEE SAID HE MUST SEE ME. IF HE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN THOSE EXPERIMENTS OF HIS, I REALLY DO WANT TO SEE HIM!



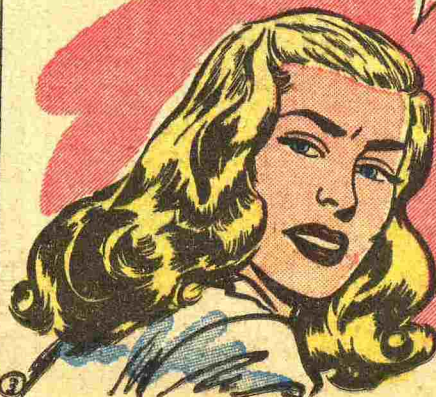
HE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE INVENTED A DEFINITE COUNTER-AGENT IN THE FORM OF A BEAM OF ELECTRONS THAT WILL DETONATE AN ATOMIC BOMB AT A HUNDRED MILE DISTANCE -- MAKING A PERFECT ATOM BOMB DEFENSE!



MING LEE!
OH HH--



I HEARD FEET RUNNING. PERHAPS THE MAN WHO KILLED MING LEE DIDN'T GET AWAY--!





HE'S DEAD, AND I HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHETHER MING LEE FOUND HIS FORMULA--OR WHETHER SOME OTHER GOVERNMENT GOT HOLD OF IT!

WHY-- THERE'S A PAPER IN HIS HAND!

Lotus?

NEXT MORNING, IN THE ISLAND HOTEL ...

HELLO, LU! CAN YOU TRANSLATE THIS PAPER FOR ME?

I WOULD BE GLAD TO!

"ON THE FACE OF THE LOTUS IS THE SECRET OF THE SAGE!"

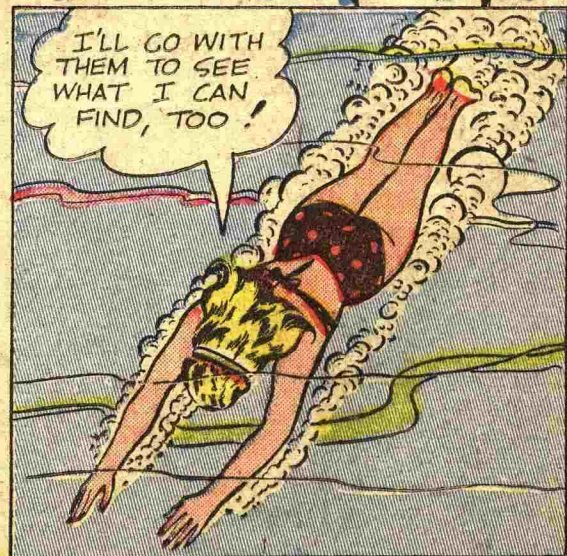
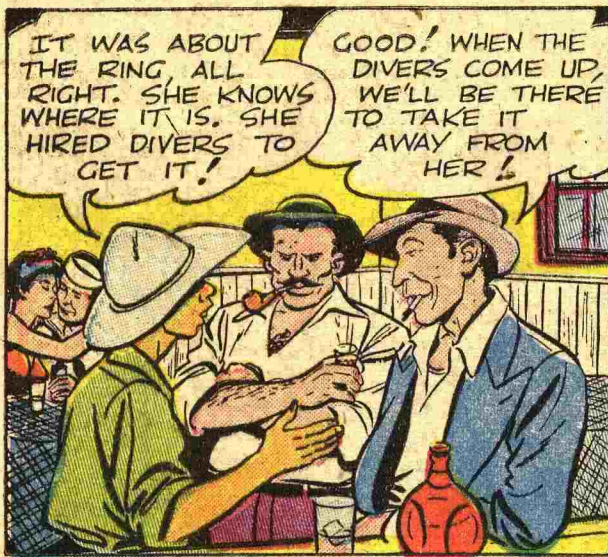
LOTUS? I DON'T SEE HOW A LOTUS FLOWER COULD HOLD A MESSAGE!

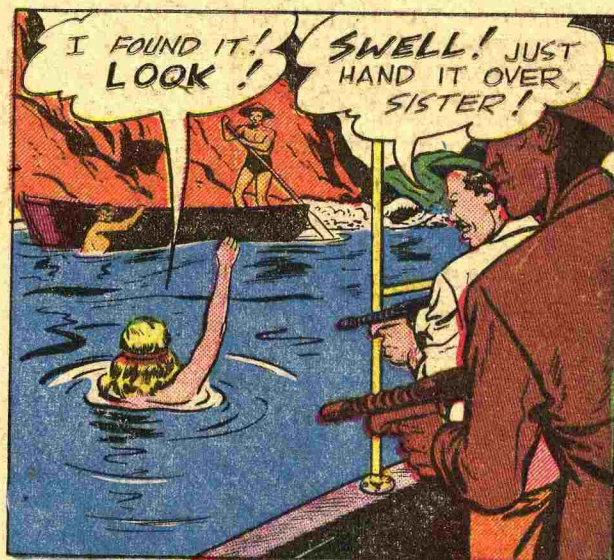
I HEARD HOW YOU FOUND MING LEE AND SUMMONED THE ISLAND POLICE. MING LEE FAMOUS MAN. THEY SAY HIS JADE RING WORTH MANY DOLLARS!

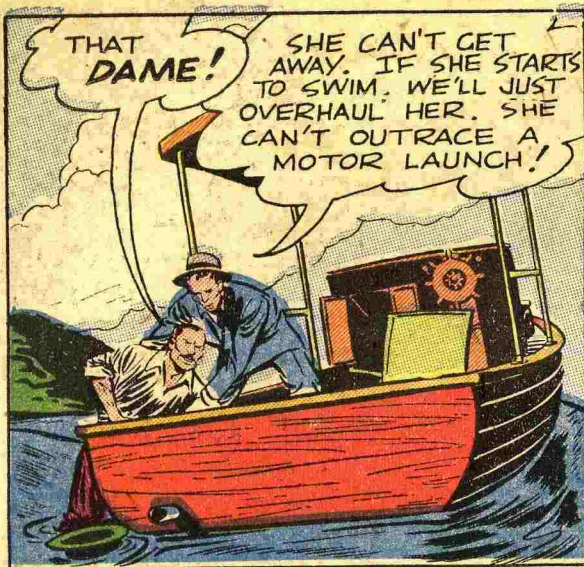
RING? I DIDN'T SEE ANY RING!

IT IS FAMOUS RING. CARVED LIKE LIVING LOTUS BY GREAT TAN SAN. IT--

DID YOU SAY LOTUS?

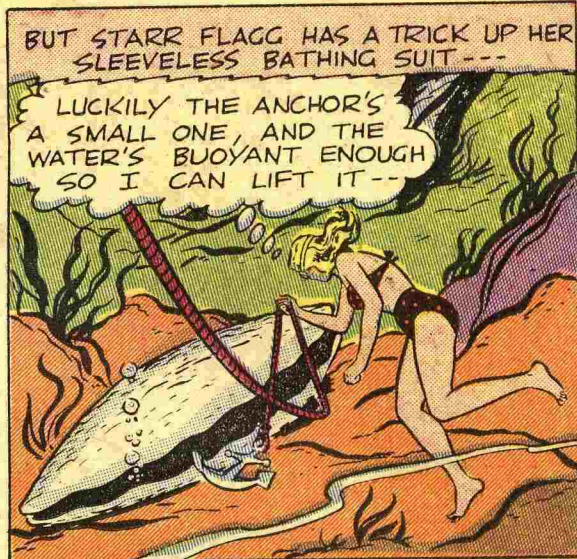






THAT DAME!

SHE CAN'T GET AWAY. IF SHE STARTS TO SWIM, WE'LL JUST OVERHAUL HER. SHE CAN'T OUTPACE A MOTOR LAUNCH!



BUT STARR FLAGG HAS A TRICK UP HER SLEEVELESS BATHING SUIT ---

LUCKILY THE ANCHOR'S A SMALL ONE, AND THE WATER'S BUOYANT ENOUGH SO I CAN LIFT IT---



THE CLAM-SHELL CLAMPS TIGHT, AND THE MOTOR LAUNCH IS ANCHORED FIRMLY!

THE SURPRISE AND DELAY WILL GIVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO SWIM TO THE JETTY AND ESCAPE!



HEY! THE BOAT DON'T MOVE!

HURRY UP! HURRY UP! SHE'S GETTIN' AWAY...!



MADE IT! NOW I MUST REMEMBER EVERY TIME I EAT CLAMS TO SAY 'THANK YOU' FOR SAVING MY LIFE!

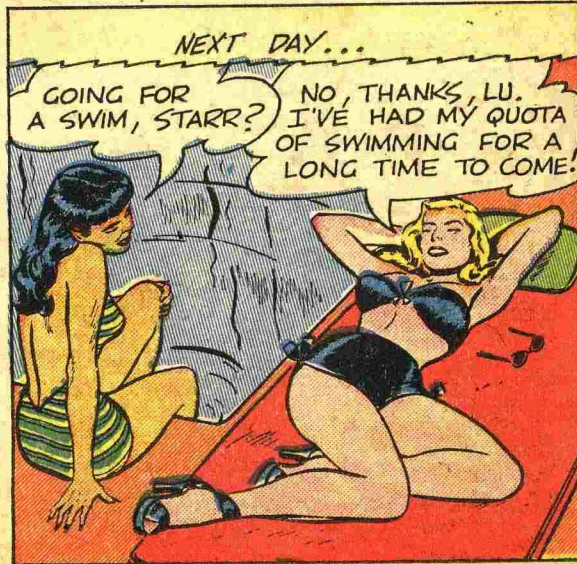
Open Whitney



LATER, AT CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE HEAD-QUARTERS...

HERE IS THE RING, SIR. MING LEE'S FORMULA IS CARVED ON THE LOTUS. IT WILL BELONG ONLY TO THE U.S.A.!

GREAT WORK, STARR! MEASURES WERE TAKEN AGAINST THE SPY RING THAT KILLED MING LEE.



NEXT DAY...

GOING FOR A SWIM, STARR?

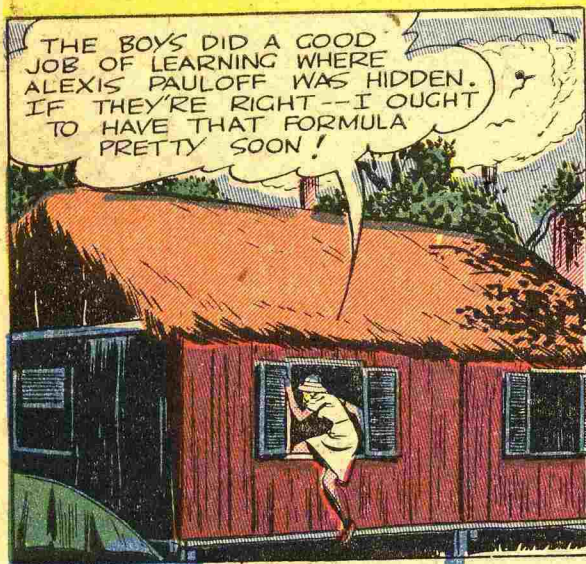
NO, THANKS, LU. I'VE HAD MY QUOTA OF SWIMMING FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!

BEAUTY

and the

BEAST

IN THE HOT AND FETID AFRICAN JUNGLE, THE UNDERBRUSH RUSTLES AS STARR FLAGG CREEPS SILENTLY ON HER MISSION. ABOVE HER THE CRUEL EYES OF A GIANT GORILLA BLINK IN BLOOD-LUST AS THEY FOLLOW HER TRAIL ALONG THE FOREST PATHS...



THE BOYS DID A GOOD JOB OF LEARNING WHERE ALEXIS PAULOFF WAS HIDDEN. IF THEY'RE RIGHT--I OUGHT TO HAVE THAT FORMULA PRETTY SOON!



PAULOFF'S THE WORLD'S FOREMOST METALLURGIST. HE'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE INVENTED A SPRAY THAT WILL ROT STEEL! AND THE FORMULA MUST BE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!



OH HH!

GRRR--GRRR--!



A GORILLA!
CAN'T FIGHT HIM--
CRUSHING ME--
CRUSHING--!



NO, BAKKA! NO!
DROP HER!
DROP HER!

THANK
HEAVENS!



OUT! GET OUT
OF HERE
BAKKA!



SO? YOU CREEP INTO MY
COTTAGE IN THE DEAD
OF NIGHT. WHY? IT
CAN'T BE TO FIND
THE DISCOVERIES OF
MY GOOD FRIEND ALEXIS
PAULOFF?

IT COULDN'T
BE FOR THE
ROT-STEEL
FORMULA
COULD IT? I
KEEP IT ALWAYS
WITH ME, IDIOT!
LOCKED SAFE IN
MY BELT!
ANSWER ME!

YOU - YOU'RE
MAKING A
MISTAKE!



I'LL SOON FIND
OUT. MARIE!
MARIE! TAKE
OUR MIDNIGHT
PROWLER TO
THE GUEST
ROOM!

COMING,
MADAM
DARKOVA!



TANYA, I HEARD
BAKKA. I'M WORRIED
ABOUT HIM. SOME-
DAY HE'LL KILL YOU
AND - OH, YOU
HAVE A VISITOR!

YES, ALEXIS PAULOFF.
SHE IS A -- ER --
FRIEND OF MINE!

SO HE'S THE
INVENTOR OF
THE ROT-STEEL
SPRAY!



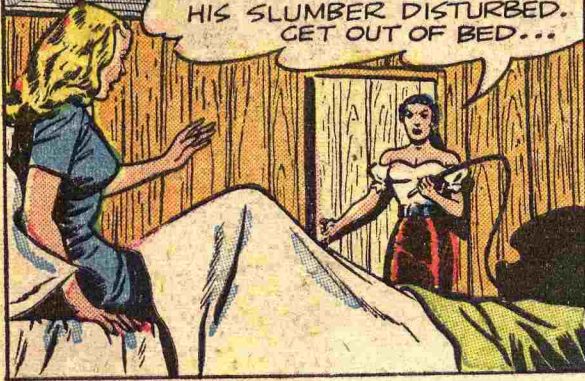
YOU WILL SLEEP
HERE -- UNTIL
MADAM DECIDES
WHAT TO DO
WITH YOU!

THAT PROBABLY
MEANS A WHIPPING--
OR WORSE!

LATER THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON DIPS LOW ON THE HORIZON...

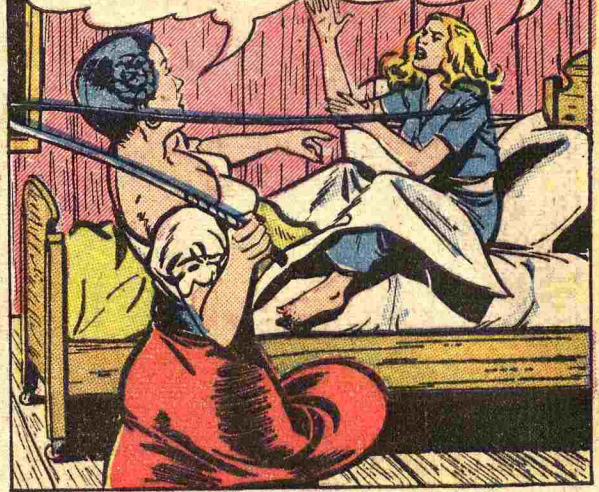
YOU--!

ALEXIS PAULOFF IS ASLEEP. IT WOULD DISTRESS HIM TO KNOW WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO TO YOU. I DON'T WANT HIS SLUMBER DISTURBED. GET OUT OF BED...



OUT OF BED-- I TOLD YOU!

UGGGH--!



ANYTHING YOU SAY!

OHHH!

WILD WITH FURY, UNDER-COVER GIRL ATTACKS WITH THRESHING ARMS, LEGS AND BEDCLOTHES...

I'LL TEACH YOU-- TO WHIP-- **ME!**



GOT TO ACT FAST BEFORE PAULOFF -- HEARS--THE NOISE!

SHE-CAT! I'LL CLAW YOUR PRETTY FACE -- WHEN I --GET ON MY--FEET!

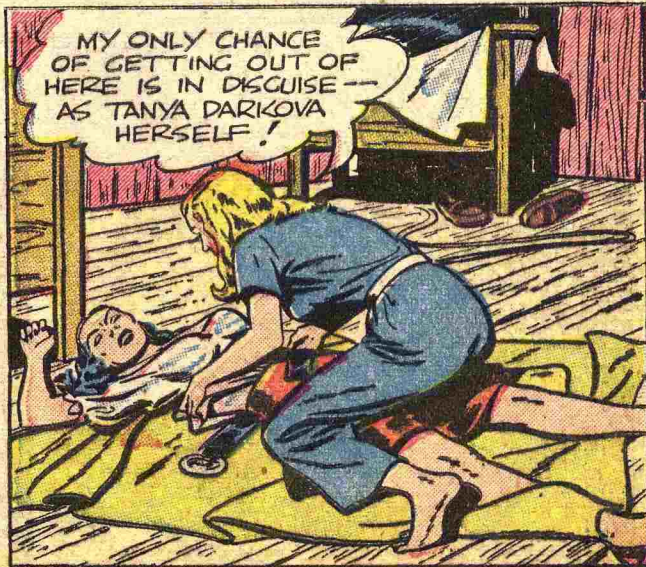


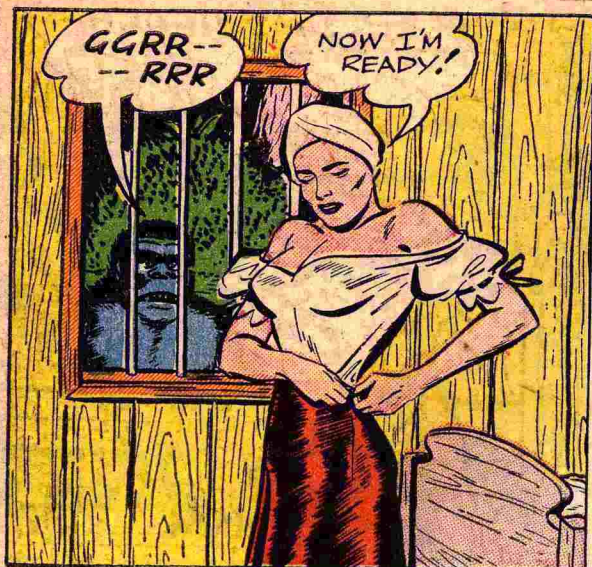
DID IT!

THUDD



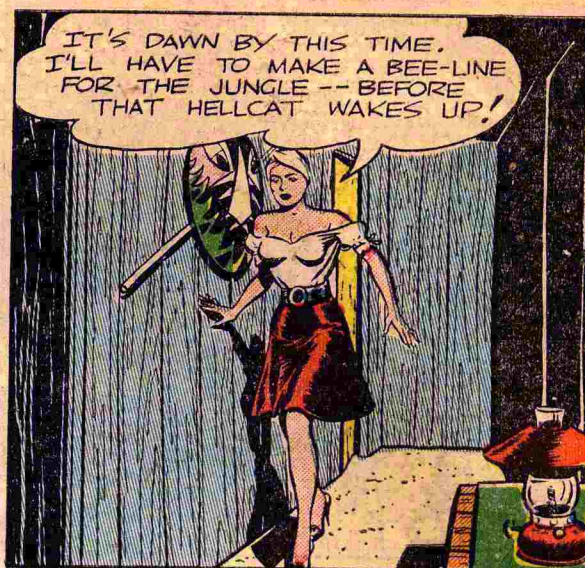
MY ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING OUT OF HERE IS IN DISGUISE -- AS TANYA DARIKOVA HERSELF!





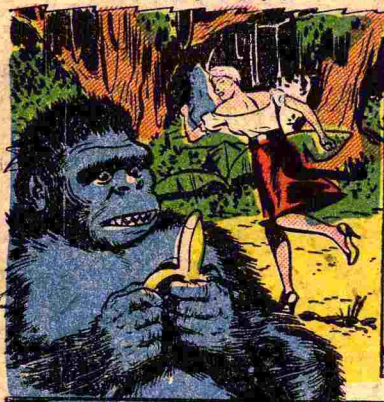
GRRR--
--RRR

NOW I'M
READY!



IT'S DAWN BY THIS TIME.
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A BEE-LINE
FOR THE JUNGLE -- BEFORE
THAT HELLCAT WAKES UP!

HEART PUMPING, UNDER-
COVER GIRL RACES FOR
THE SHELTER OF THE
TREES. SILENT THROAT
RUMBLING, BAKKA THE
GORILLA LETS HER
PASS



FROM THE WINDOW OF THE
BUNGALOW A FINGER TIGHTENS
WITH CONTROLLED HATE ON
THE TRIGGER OF A MAUSER
RIFLE

I'LL SHOOT HER
DOWN LIKE A MAD
DOG!



MISSED!... BUT I'LL
HUNT HER! IF SHE
EVER GETS AWAY FREE..
SHE'LL BRING THE
SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE
AFTER ME. SHE KNOWS
NOW THAT I HAVE THE
ROT-STEEL FORMULA!



I HAD TO WEAR HER
CLOTHES TO SAVE TIME BUT
SHE WON'T ESCAPE MY
HUNTERS. ON, TEAR!
ON BORIS!



DOGS BARKING! OH-OH,
THIS IS BAD -- I CAN'T
HIDE IN THE JUNGLE FROM
ANIMALS LIKE THAT!





AS UNDERCOVER GIRL'S BODY HURTTLES DOWNWARD TO BE CRUSHED ON THE ROCKS BELOW, TANYA LAUGHS WITH CRUEL GLEE--AND THEN STARR REACHES OUT AND GRIPS A LONE BUSH GROWING ON THE CLIFFSIDE....

HA! HA! HA! CLING TO THE SHRUB--UNTIL YOUR MUSCLES WEAKEN--AND YOU FALL! IT WILL BE SLOWER THAT WAY! BUT JUST AS SURE!

I CAN'T HOLD ON-- ANY LONGER--MY FINGERS ARE SLIPPING-- SLIPPING --

HER HANDS SLIP LOOSE, AND STARR FLAGG TAKES THE LONG PLUNGE DOWNWARD...



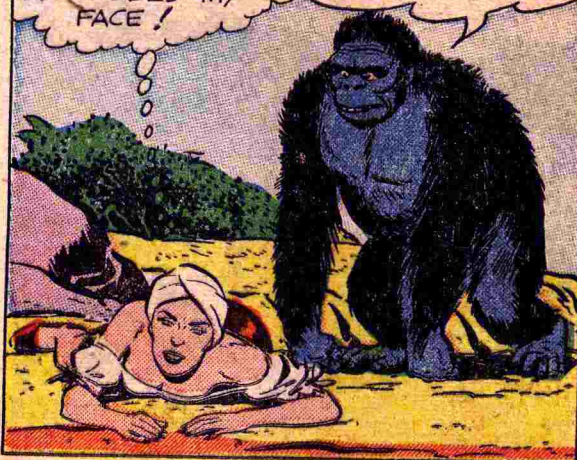
A SHAGGY BODY HURTTLES ACROSS EMPTY SPACE-- AN ARM SHOOTS OUT AND GATHERS UNDERCOVER GIRL TO A HAIRY CHEST....

THE GORILLA! HE MUST THINK I'M TANYA DARKOVA!



IF ONLY--HE'D GO AWAY--BEFORE HE--SEES MY FACE!

MRRKK--GRRR --ACGG--



HE'S GONE, THANK HEAVENS! NOW I CAN GET AWAY AND--HEY! IF I FOOLED THE GORILLA--PERHAPS I COULD FOOL PAULOFF TOO--AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH TO GET THAT FORMULA!



MILES AHEAD OF UNDERCOVER GIRL, AT THE JUNGLE BUNGALOW...

THAT'S RIGHT! I SAID I DIDN'T NEED EITHER OF YOU ANY MORE. YOU, PAULOFF, SERVED YOUR PURPOSE BY INVENTING THE METAL-ROT SPRAY. YOU, MARIE--KNOW TOO MUCH!



